Trust Me.

1 × Lied

Two had his hands gripped into a fist, staring at the debuters. He was tired of their annoying little behaviors and mood swings. Especially that little Winner bitch. He grinned, knowing what to do.

Two awaited for the debuters to shush down and shut their little mouths up. Before telling them the wonderful news that's sure to get them perked up. "Good news everyone! TPOT 1 is going to air today. Get ready, because one of you has the chance to join the show!" The 24 debuters looked at eachother and began to chatter among themselves. It was SO annoying to Two. They covered their ears before setting up the cake at stake arena. It was not much, but enough to do the job. Now.. For that stupid Winner. They HATED him.
The most out of all of them.

They looked through the votes, and frowned. Why did HE have to win? Or did he... He glanced over to Nonexisty's votes, the second place winner. Maybe a little switch wouldn't do much... Two snickered before doing what he had to do and getting ready for TPOT 1.

~~

TPOT 1.
The fourty contestants muttered among eachother, talking about the debuts and how excited they were to see who would join them in the chance for the power of two. All of them sat in the nearby benches while Two soon appeared with the 25 debuts each on little white stools. They wanted to get this over with, so they quickly got the first 23 over with. They were all bummed, but decided to go look at the remaining two.

Winner and Nonexisty.

Winner was nervous, sitting there. He wanted the chance to join. To prove themselves more worthy than that mere beige cube.. Two glanced at Winner, and was amused to see his sudden disappointment as he announced Nonexisty won. This shocked the crowd. Especially Winner. He was angered, and instantly got up from sitting.
"NO! That can't be true! They aren't even existing! How is that possible?!" Winner bombarded Two with questions, to the point where Two snapped. "THAT'S ENOUGH! I'm sick of you 24 being petty little brats!" They raised their arm and glared at them, as their hand began to emit a green aura that shortly surrounded the group. They were panicking, unsure of what to do.

Soon, Two snapped his fingers and a pop noise could be heard as they all screamed in terror. They were gone. Somewhere else like the BFB contestants. Maybe for good..

--
I had to take some creative liberty and make up some stuff about them. Mainly personalities and genders. Please don't argue about the choice! Or if it's inaccurate. Cya-

~Zapz

2 × New World

A new world.
Full of possibilities.. Where did they go? Where am I? Ughh... Why does my head hurt so much.

Winner jolted wake after being in an endless void of thought. He was fazed, getting up and looking around. He patted his head with his supposed arm. Except.. It wasn't an arm. It was a flower. He jumped at the sight of it, "What ha- WHERE'S MY ARM?!" He frantically looked around. It felt like some dream. Or nightmare. He was afraid of what just happened and more confused. He was in a forest with tall trees stretching upward. A clear path was shown from the trees, but he hesitated to follow.

He was trying to think, until he heard something in his head. Like a voice. A particular one... Two's. 'Greetings, Debuters! I'm Two, if you can't tell.. You're in some fucked up world. Congrats!' Winner was beyond confused, just scratching the top of his body with the flower that now his hand.

'Now, you might be curious on why you're here... You are currently in a world, where each of you were summoned in 1 of 4 regions. Your goal is to survive, should be realllly easy right? Well, if you idiots can't tell.. My powers have side effects, that changed your apperance. Worst or Better, who the bloody hell cares. Well, a minor oopsie happened and now one of you is trying to kill everyone else! They will have a chance in joining the game, so I advise you to watch your back.. Or else.' The voice echoed, horrifying Winner. One of the very objects he knew is insane and now seeks for all of them to be dead. This wasn't going to be fun.

Winner slowly began to walk around, trying to figure out a way to navigate their new surroundings. He must've not been impacted that bad.. Just a few vines surrounding his body and a flower instead of a

hand. Atleast he could still control the damn flower.. But what type of flower is it? The question lurked in Winner's mind. He was silent, and just wandered more in the seemingly endless forest.

~

Conch Shell sat quietly, lying against one of the trees in the forest. After hearing that announcement, he seemed more agressive than ever. Wanting to hurt someone. He couldn't trust anybody here. He knew that someone was out for him. He looked at the vines hanging down from his shell as the leaves on the tips swayed at the small breeze within the forest. He closed his eyes and got up. He might aswell look around incase someone else was nearby.

Just to make sure they don't fucking touch him. Sounds like a great idea. His footsteps were quiet, with a crinkling sound here and there from the leaves he stepped on. He despised everyone. Sure, he's the kid who decided to avoid everyone. But he fucking HATED the 23 he's stuck with. Hopefully nothing goes wrong.. Surely Two was lying, right?

He believed this until a scream was heard in the distance.

--

:)

3 × Scraps

A scream. A loud one.

9-Ball was rolling around, trying to adjust his eyepatch with his mouth due to not having any limbs whatsoever. "Ngh.. Why is it so damn difficult-?!" He continued to do this before he froze at the sound at a scream. It was close by aswell, so his natural urge was to begin rolling to explore the source. As he was moving closer to the sound, his mind was clogged with so many thoughts. Who was it? Is somebody already dead? Why did his friend, and not he join? He grumbled a little before approaching the border between 2 regions. The desert and plains, he looked around. The plains were beautiful, with soft grass and patches of flowers here and there.

This wonderful sight would soon fade, as a horrifying thing was infront of him. A lake, by the edge with a dead corpse. He was terrified, deciding to roll up to examine it. "This must be VHSy's.." He saw tints of yellow and orange on the scraps. It was a mangled corpse, and he backed away. They must be nearby. He didn't want to die... He instantly began to roll off, hoping to not be found by said murderer. It was true.

One of them was insane.
But who? He couldn't tell, and didn't want to. He saw the forest region nearby, but chose to not go there. They might've ran off there. Who knows. He can't trust anyone. His breath was shaky, and his vision began to blur as he paused for a quick breath. Begging that he wouldnt be found in such an open place like this. After looking around his surroundings, he went off and tried to find somewhere to hide so he could just calm down for a bit. Shouldn't be too hard..

~

Clapboard was wondering the desert and have been for about 4 days now. Has it even been a full day? She thought, quietly humming to

herself to attempt to calm down from this horrifying event. Surely this is a dream. It has to be. No way Two would've done that.. She was lost in thought until she bumped into something.. Or someone. "HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE DAMN GOING!" A raspy voice shouted angrily at her, scaring her. "Oh- Sorry! I really didn't mean to.." She winced, glancing at the flame on her head getting larger. She needed to dump water on that eventually.. Or she'd burn! She looked back at who shouted, realizing it was one of the other debuters.

Income Tax Return Document, or just Income as they preferred to be called. He crossed his arms, his paper was burnt and his parts of his paper including where his right eye should be was ripped off. "Oh jeez.. You okay?" She asked, trying to start up friendly conversation. She never actually spoke to many of the debuters, and was kindof nervous after Two's whole announcment over a murderer on the loose. "Well, I was fine before YOU FUCKING BUMPED INTO ME." He growled, "I wanted a nice day where everyone praised me for my amazing leader skills, but noooo.. I had to be stuck here WITH YOU NOW." Clapboard was clearly nervous and took a step back. She hated all of this shouting. "S-Sorry.. Please forgive me. I just need someone to stick with while this happens.. How about we just team up til this is over? I promise I'll let you lead!" She smiled weakly.

Income paused, thinking about her offer. It was intriguing, especially because he got to take charge and tell this little bitch what to do! He pondered a little more before taking his hand out. "Just til this over. Got it? I don't NEED to talk to you ever again after this." Clapboard smiled weakly before shaking his hand with her foot. "O-Okay.. Let's go." She looked around their surroundings. They were in the middle of the desert so all she saw was sand, little ponds, and some cactus. Nothing else, except something shiny and metal stuck in the sand. "H-Huh? What's this..?" Clapboard began to wander off to the metal object stuck in the ground, while Income was visibly angry. "HEY! GET BACK HERE!"

Clapboard ignored him, continuing until she was right next to the buried thing. She lowered her body and used her mouth to pick it up. The metal object happened to be a bucket, oddly convient but she instantly held it by the handle and ran for a nearly pond to scoop up

some water and dump it on her head. The fire died down a little, but didn't disappear. She was in relief, and picked up another bucketful before turning to find an unamused ally standing there. "What the fuck was that for?" He complained, before she exclaimed something excitedly. "Well, it's something to help me not die! Come on, let's actually go now." She said, allowing him to take lead. "Fine." He looked around and went in a random direction, and Clapboard soon followed.

Maybe this won't be so bad..

--

imsosorry9ball
but heck I love writing this book so much-

4 × Unlikely Bonds

Leek was wandering around, breathing heavy after a long run. He was unsure of who he'd find and just held his trusty handcrafted stone knife by his side. The desert was a rough place, the tips of his leaves being torn off and the left bottom area of his body being burnt. He observed his surroundings, trying to look for someone good enough to entrust so he could survive maybe just a little longer.

In the distance, he saw a small figure walking around and he placed away his knife and began to run over to them. He found someone, maybe someone he could befriend. He just needed someone to help him survive in such a rough world and this could possibly be the case. He approached them, and the object sitting on the sand turned around.

It was Tape.
A fragile girl whom was humming to herself, layers of tape was taped on her head as if it was being used as an bandage. The end tape was recklessly thrown and was hanging by the side of her face as she stared at Leek in fear. "P-Please don't hurt me!" She squeaked, afraid of him. Leek was surprised, but patted her gently, hoping to convince her that he had no purpose on hurting such a fragile object. "Don't worry. I don't have any intent on harming you." She tried to look away, but was glancing over to him. "Y-You sure...?"

"Yeah.. I know you need someone to stay by your side, and I'm sure you wouldn't want to stay out here in the desert where the killer could possibly get you.. Right?" The word 'killer' scared the small dispenser, and she was quickly convinced and nodded. "Y-Yeah okay.. I'll come with you." She said, hoping this wasn't a bad choice. Leek smiled. "Okay.. You seem injuired though, mind if I carry you?" He offered, beginning to grip her but just waited for approval.
She looked at Leek, and nodded. He confidently picked her up, and they began to attempt to explore the area to figure out some method

of escaping the world they're currently trapped in.

~

Onigiri was freezing.
It was cold in the Polar region, spikes of ice popped out from the snow. She looked around, desperate for some way to escape and survive for another day. She wasn't sure on whom was nearby or if they're even friendly. She dragged herself onward, every exhale leaving a small gust of white puff. She eventually fell to her knees, holding onto the green fur coat that was given to her when she first awoke. She looked around once again, no signs of life. She scouted the area once more before finding a cave nearby, which she got up and ran for. It was like paradise to her or any travellers going through the rough freezing territory.

It wasn't the warmest once she entered, but it wasn't as cold as the harsh snow outside. She was relieved to be alive, and decided if she was gonna try to survive, she needed to escape this place. Onigiri decided to rest by the cave walls, but before she could fall asleep, she heard footsteps echoing within the cave. Someone else was there with her. She tried to ignore it, but the footsteps got louder every noise they made. Onigiri couldn't make out who was the object walking closer to them until the figure soon ran out of the pure darkness to reveal who they were.

Rubber Spatula was wearing a orange bandana with a orange glove, but the tip of her spatula part was torn off. She was looking around for anybody who entered her cave. She sensed it, and looked over in Onigiri's direction and yelped in surprise. She didn't actually expect to see another debuter in these terrible times and fell back. "Woah, calm down.." Onigiri said, walking up to her with a little hesitation each step. "Come on up." She took her hand out and had a bored face, clearly uninterested in this whole idea of being stuck in the situtation.

"S-Sorry! I just.. really didn't expect to find anyone else. I thought you were all dead!" RS exclaimed in surprise, taking her hand and being lifted up. "Well, apparently we aren't. Though, I'm pretty sure we will be if we don't get out of this place." RS nodded. "Well.. I saw a forest.. I was just too scared to go in without someone with me..." Onigiri

had a small smile.

"Than we can escape there."

-

hey any ideas on who's the insane debuter?
just wondering

5 × Quick Solution

Clapboard and Income were in the desert. It was quiet, and no sound were heard from the two for hours. It was silent, as Income looked at the skies. It was turning dark, and he groaned. "Okay.. Let's just stop and sleep for a bit. It's getting late and if we go any further we'll be practically blind." He stated, as Clapboard doused the continuous burning flame in water in the bucket She held. "Oh uh- Okay.." The light emitting from the tiny flame was surely not enough, and she simply agreed with what he said.

She was hesitant to sleep though. What if he was insane? Is he a liar? She was trying to figure it out, as she heard snoring from her partner. He's asleep. Good. She got up, looking around. Nobody's nearby... Or so she thought. After a few more rounds of checking her surroundings, she eventually sat down and fell asleep. The night was nice, and silence filled the desert.

But who's the next victim?

~

Shopping Cart was rolling around, it was weird to be alone. Not to mention she's practically blind with most of her plate broken off. She wandered around, soon bumping into someone. It was the worst mistake she could've ever made. The person turned around in fear.

Salt Lamp stared at Shopping Cart, screaming in fear. "D-DON'T HURT ME!" They looked through their stuff and took out a metal bat that he found while exploring the place. A bit of his salt part was chipped and he just couldn't trust anyone. Simple. He bashed the bat at Shoppint Cart, scaring her. She couldn't scream for help or do anything besides attempt to flee. Nothing worked, as he chased her. He was sure she was evil and had intent. Nobody could be trusted. No mercy. Shopping Cart attempted to flee once more, most of their body being crushed by the now broken bat.

Salt Lamp was determined, and just fearfully forced himself onto her, shattering a large portion of his body and killing Shopping Cart. Her screams could be heard everywhere in the region. A warning to never trust anyone.. Not even yourself.

~

PDA was in the forest, looking around. God.. They collapsed a little after Two announced, but how long were they out? They swiftly got up, taking out his stylus and looking at the damages. It was practically unusable with the tip of it being cracked off like his cracked screen. He sighed, and placed it back in himself. He'll have to find something else to do in the meantime.

He got up from a crouching position and decided to probaldy use his stylus as a way to nagivate the area. He quickly took it out and decided to go off the clear path the trees were urging him to go and went into the trees. It was just another day of investigating and trying to see where the hell everyone else is. Surely there are others alive..

~
oopsies~

6 × Carrier

Shampoo was wandering the forest. It was silence. They gave up speaking long ago, but usually opened their cap to talk to the object they found earlier. Her grip held onto Camera as they began to wander around. He was rather chatty, talking often when he was bored. "So, isn't this situation so *amazing* for all of us?" He sarcastically said.

Shampoo rolled her eyes, staying silent. They messed with the leaves hanging out of the cap as they continued to search through the forest. "Come on, how come you don't talk? Not the chatty type?" Shampoo was beginning to lift their cap to speak in defense, but realized what was Camera's intention and soon shut their cap tight, leaving Camera with silence as a response. He was disappointed, wanting to speak up once again but soon realized someone was nearby. Footsteps were heard somewhat close, and Shampoo was figuring that out aswell.

They needed to go. Now.
Shampoo quickly turned around and began to run for it, their grip was slipping. Camera was freaking out.
"HEYWAITYOU'REGONNALETME-"
Shampoo dropped Camera out of pure terror, and soon disappeared without Camera. Camera fell on his face, frantically trying to get up. He was struggling, because he had no limbs. A massive crack was on his face, and he heard somebody behind him. He was soon kicked up from his face on the ground, and he faced a new object.

Discy stood there, the portion of their object with their eyes were completely gone, and they were visibly confused. Their leg soon patted the top of Camera. "HEY! GET YOUR DANG LEG OFF OF ME!" He shouted angrily, which made her flinch. Discy tried to look in the direction of the voice, but clearly was struggling to. He sighed. "Hhmm, mind if you can just.. Carry me for a bit? My only ride in this place fucking ditched me." She was quiet, but soon grabbed him

using her feet and lifted him ontop of her. She soon began to speak, as she still had a mouth. "T-Tell me if you fall off.. Okay?" Camera nodded. "Gotcha."
Discy began to walk off into a random direction.

-

Battery was calmly looking around. He confidently held onto the wires and wandered the sandy area. Most of their body was burnt due to the mass amount of electricity coming from the wires. But it was good for when he needed to use them as self defense. The place was quiet, with only gusts of sand blowing here and there. He had yet to see any signs of life, and pondered if the whole 'someone out there is a killer' was a lie.

Everything was silent, but he noticed the plains in the distance. He swore he saw a figure. Should he go there? He could fight back. Yeah. He should. He can kill them if they try killing him. He could be the one who saves the day for the others. He walked for the plains. Hoping the murderer wasn't waiting for him..

--
hehehehehee

7 × Not Trustworthy

Snare Drum was searching the polar region. It was freezing, but he had nowhere to go. In the distance he noticed 2 figures moving close to eachother. They might be evil, or not. He was unsure, but he was going to take the risk. Like usual.

Snare Drum noticed Kitchen Sink and Anchor, both of them freezing aswell. "H-Hey.. You guys freezing too?" Anchor spoke up, trying to get them to talk. "Yep. I sure am." Kitchen Sink replied, her voice wavering from the cold. The water that's meant to come out of her faucet was frozen solid, and she really seemed to want to run to find a place to go. "..We should go." Snare Drum stated, as he began to walk in a random direction. He twitched a little as the icicle that pierced through his body was starting to give him horrible pain. Anchor and Kitchen Sink looked at each other and shrugged. They had nowhere else to go. They didn't trust eachother, but they had to stay together to survive.. Unless one of them really was the insane killer that Two had mentioned all those days ago.

They all walked together, creating a truce until they truly do know they could trust eachother.

-

Income quietly grabbed Clapboard, holding onto her. They've been together for awhile now, and figured that if the other was really insane, they would be dead. "Come on, wake up. We gotta look around." He said, nudging Clapboard. She began to wake up. "Okayy.. I'm up." She mumbled, trying to stand. Her body felt weak and sore from all of the walking around in the sand and the heat's been burning up her body. She dumped another bucket of water onto the small flame before going to refill it.

They began to walk further in a certain direction, who knows where. They soon noticed something in the sand, that would terrify them. A

dead body laid in the sand, half of what used to be their friend known as Scissors. They were silent. As they looked at eachother in horror. "..What.. The fuck." Income picked up the half, turning it around until the metal part of the blade showed the terrified and lifeless eyes of her.
They were silent.
Could the killer be nearby? They looked around and was able to make 2 sets of footsteps. They looked at eachother and booked for it. They didn't want to risk it. Not now. They were nearby. They had to be. Their friend's gone, and was left in the sand. Clapboard always liked Scissors as a friend..

--
:)

8 × Golden Memories

Winner sat by one of the trees in the forest. He had been alone for awhile, and bad memories began to slowly flow back. All the torment and hatred he has for that cube. Why did he have to go through it.. He looked at his body, most of the scratches were gone from what was originally there. That was only physically on his body.
He still had his memory. Of everything that fucking bitch had done before he left. Before he left with those other 2... The special kids. He was alone, for years. Nobody cared about him enough to try to look for him, or save him from what he was going to realize. Nobody is to ever be trusted. Hurt them. Just get them away. You need to keep this shit to yourself. Don't depend on others.

He stood up, tears dripping down his face. He felt like gagging. He wanted to die. He just wanted to hurt someone. The sheer thought of him made him sick, and maybe taking a nice & small walk wouldn't be so bad.. He might meet someone though, and hurt them. He laughed it off. Surely not. Winner looked at his flower, unsure of what it still was. He felt like he was getting closer to the answer every second. It was a lurking feeling, dragging him into a likely dark fate. He hesitated, but continued to wander in the forest.

All he wanted to do is hurt someone. It wasn't going away anytime soon. Maybe he wouldn't find anyone during the small walk and just calm down eventually? He hoped, but the feeling that someone was nearby is there. He doubted this. He doubted himself. He doubted this was all real. It's just some stupid dream and some stupid concept Two placed him in. No. He won. That's reality.. Unless.

Two switched the votes.

That's why THEY won. It was Two's fault! EVERYTHING WAS HIS FAULT. He was enraged, as his small steps turned into big ones. Big fast ones. He was running. He just wanted everything to disappear.

He needed to stop thinking. He was overwhelmed, and soon tripped and fell to his face.

-

Tape was getting nervous. She missed those times when all they did was play and mess around. These days, stuff got a lot more serious. Death was everywhere, and witnessing it was something she preferred she never be forced to encounter. She didn't want to talk to Leek about this.

She was anxious, hoping no sudden noises would interrupt her wall of thoughts. She was stuck in a line of thought until she felt a voice pierce through. Leek's. "How come you're so stressed?" Tape snapped out of her state, and looked at Leek with concern. "N-Nothing.. Just worried about you know what." Leek knew why she was so troubled, she didn't want to say that. "Ah, well.. The desert's horrible heat seemed to take a toll of your health. How about we... Wander into the plains or the polar region?" He suggested, attempting to cheer her up. It was a horrible try, but she awkwardly tried to smile. "O-Okay.."

They walked for the plains. Who knows what destruction had happened there...

--
finally addressed about winner..
Uh, let's just say he ain't having a good time haha

9 × Escape

Onigiri and Rubber Spatula hummed in the cave, they were preparing. Today was the day they would escape the polar region. The freezing temperatures were slowly killing them and leaving would be more useful.

Onigiri picked up her handcrafted bag and looked over to the tall female, "You ready?" She asked, taking a deep breath after doing so. As she exhaled, a cold gust of visible air came out. "Y-Yep.. I think so!" She looked through her items and checked if she had everything. "We should go now.." She said, before she began to reach the entrance of the cave with Onigiri. She checked her bandana, fixing it before running out.

Onigiri was surprised by her partner's amazing speed, and began to run to catch up. The boundries were a lot closer, and soon they successfully reached the Forest. It was a nice change, as the warmth soon soothed their bodies. "We made it.. I-" Rubber Spatula looked over to her friend, and hugged her. "Thank you.." She said, before letting go. "No problem, now.. I guess we should explore now." They looked at the forest, and took their first steps to be a new adventure in a new environment.

-

He heard noises.
Somebody was nearby.
9-Ball swiftly looked around, before placing the eyepatch he was brought with back on his eye. He didn't want to tell anyone what was on it, otherwise, they might think as him as the traitor. He rolled further into the plains, trying to find somewhere to hide. There weren't that many places, but he needed to go somewhere.

He heard chattering in the distance, and hid behind a rock to hear what it was. He couldn't hear much, but all he heard was:

"...are....hurt...please..." He shuttered at the words he heard, as he was trying to piece together what it was. He shouted, noticing a handcrafted blade thrown by him missing him by just an inch. He screamed in horror and rolled off, and he knew he had to be fast. Whoever that so-called insane object was.. They had him next as their prey.
All he heard were footsteps, and he eventually paused to figure out that they must've gave up. He quickly took deep breaths in and out, and looked around to their new surroundings. He was pretty damn close to the desert now.. Maybe a little exploration there won't hurt.

-

A! Sorry for such a short chapter,,

10 × Pay for Your Sins

Shampoo looked around, resting by a tree. Her expression was neutral, as her eyes fluttered closed. She just needed some rest, even though she fearfully dropped Camera.
She hoped he was okay, or it was a quick and painless death. She heard footsteps, it was problady nothing. Or so she thought. She heard footsteps and stab-like noises. As if it's coming to her. She stood up, alerted by this mysterious noise as she was jabbed in the back with something.

"Whoops. My bad."
She turned around angrily, looking at the figure that had poked her with something. It was PDA, with their snapped in half stylus and natural posture. He was laid-back, and sighed. "Anyways, how have you been doing in our current conditions?" He placed away his stylus, and just looked at Shampoo as if she could already trust him. Yeah, like if.

She turned around, her arms crossed and her body facing away from the portable device. He wasn't amused. "Look, if you want me to leave you could just say so. Unless you want me to.. Oh, I don't know."

"Hurt you?"

Shampoo looked back at PDA with a death glare. "Fine! Yeesh, no need to threaten me like that." She said, as her cap opened. Her dialogue was snappy and was visibly frustrated over him. "Wonderful, now mind if I stay with you?" He had a kind smile, and offered his hand to her as if they were about to dance onstage. She stared at his hand, before taking it. Perhaps this could be a small partnership before they could part.

-

Price Tag sat to herself. The calm soothing air was nice. Her expression was :O to :3 as she stood up to playfully dance around like none of her friends had ever died. She felt free, well, that was until she was murdered obviously.

She felt a hand go over her mouth and suddenly she couldn't talk. Part of her body was ripped from Two's magical teleportation thing so she was much lighter than she already was. She felt herself get lifted up, her legs dangling. She wanted to shout. Speak. Say something! But she couldn't. All she felt was a blade pierce through her and that was it.

She was gone.

-

Boom Mic was freezing in the arctic. All she felt was the breeze, and thought about leaving. Although, her body was somehow able to tolerate this. Even with all of those icicles hanging off of her handle. Actually, she felt real lonely. Really lonely.
No signs. Just her breathing and the cold air were the things she heard, as she wandered through the thick snow and the staggering ice spikes all around the area. She was bound to collide in one, which she had. "O-Ow!" She shouted, as she collided with one of the ice spikes and fell back.

She sighed. Of course she had to deal with this. Well, it wasn't a big deal. She believed. A small smile crept on her face as she had just gotten a new idea, but she needed to find someone else...

--
oops

11 × Big Mistake

Conch Shell noticed a odd looking thing. It seemed asleep, and slowly grabbed it's leg and dragged it somewhere else.

-

Kitchen Sink was quiet. A lot quieter than usual. They usually chatted a lot and did reckless actions, but seemed to be cautious and glancing at Snare Drum a ton. Anchor noticed this, but decided not to question it. Maybe they were scared on if the murderer was one of them.

Snare Drum kept on trudging forward, bringing the other two with him. Kitchen Sink growled, muttering a few words. These harsh conditions were driving them insane, and Kitchen Sink was sick of it. They scooted closer to Snare Drum, hands clenched into fists.

Anchor noticed this, and paused. What were they doing..? He closed his eyes and opened to find her attacking Snare Drum. "Wh- Kitch- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Snare Drum screamed, trying to kick her off of him. "I'm SICK OF YOU!" She snarled, cracking a bit from the frozen icicle that came from her handle. "W-Woah! Both of you calm down!" Anchor said, trying to push Kitchen Sink away from Snare Drum. "NO!" Kitchen Sink hit Anchor with the icicle, causing a part of her body, just right above where her supposed forehead would be.

Anchor stumbled back, stunned by what had just happened. She clenched her hands and winced before running right towards Kitchen Sink and knocking her down. "Y-You shouldn't hurt Snare Drum! He's not the killer!" He shouted before punching Kitchen Sink in the face. It left a devasting crack that ran to her right eye. "FINE!" She shouted before pushing Anchor off.
Anchor got up, looking at the concerned Snare Drum before glancing over to Kitchen Sink who was still angry. "L-Let's... just go." They continued to head for the desert in silence.

-

Battery was in the plains, running from what he had just witnessed. The dead body of his friend. He wasn't sure when they died.. But he didn't want to know either.

Her lifeless expression, being cut in half with what seemed to be a blade... He winced at the memory of seeing her, it was burned in his mind. He couldn't just pretend this never happened. He had to get to the bottom of this. He continued to walk around until he bumped into someone. Holding a weapon in their mouth.

-
uh oh

12 × Accused

Battery stared at them. Avocado.

Avocado turned around when they felt someone bump into them, holding a handcrafted wooden knife in their mouth. They gasped and stared at Battery. They couldn't say anything. He just stared. "Y-You're the one who did this..?" Avocado shook their head, trying to gesture something but Battery had seen enough.

Avocado was the one who killed them all. Battery ran, praying that he wouldn't meet a brutal death. Avocado tried to run to defend herself, but instead she had tripped and the knife flew past Battery. "WAIT- I CAN EXPLAIN!" She shouted as Battery ran into the distance. *It was hopeless now, let's just hope Battery doesn't try telling anyone she was the murderer...*

-

Camera sat on Discy, which was really uncomfortable as he fell off a few times. "How the fuck are you even carrying me anyways?" Discy paused. "I.. I don't actually know." She looked around, well, Camera did. She had no eyes. "Oh, hm.. How about we talk about something else? Like.. Who do you think killed whoever's dead?" He suggested. She began to walk when he said so, and simply responded with "I don't know." Camera snickered. "PDA, probably is the one behind this."

"Why do you think that?"
"Well, he's always been some smug bitch thinking that he's more superior than the rest of us. Why else?" Discy hesitated, before speaking. "Well, maybe.. But I think it could be Leek, Kitchen Sink, or maybe even Blender.." She laughed it off. "But I don't know. Two clearly doesn't like Winner and might've purposely chose him too." Camera wasn't amused. "I doubt! Too predictable in my opinion." He scoffed. "Maybe it's one of the softies like Boom Mic or Clapboard. I

wouldn't be surprised if it was them."

Discy sighed, "Yeah maybe." She decided to slow down and finally sit, she was in relief she was the one who had found Camera and nobody else. Who knows what would've happened if someone like Winner had...

-

Shampoo was being dragged by PDA, literally. Her arm was gripped by PDA, and she was just sitting there as he continued to walk. "Do you plan on dragging me the entire time?" She asked, irritated. "Well, if you could just not refuse to walk maybe not." He said, refusing to give eye contact towards his so-called friend. She stood up to that response, and began to walk. She was planning something and hoped nothing bad would go out of it.

She suspected PDA was the one behind all of these murders, especially with a weapon built into him and his attitude. He was a lot more crueler then usual, and she decided to test that by beginning to try to pry PDA's hand off of her own. She needed to run away before she was killed by him.
She eventually had his hand off of her, and she swiftly tried to run in the opposite direction but failed to.

As she tried to turn, she felt a quick reflex response from PDA, as he gripped on her other arm and began to twist it. She winced in pain. "HEY- STOP THAT-" She shouted before hearing a snap.
"Hm~ It's only one arm anyways.." She cried out in pain as she looked at her now broken arm. That isn't being repaired anytime soon... She looked back at PDA and decided it was maybe a better decision just to follow him. What could go wrong..

A lot of things.

-
pda what the fu-

13 × Dread & Terror

Anchor, Kitchen Sink, & Snare Drum noticed the desert in the distance and ran for it. It was freezing and they just needed to get out. As soon as they stepped onto the territory, the icicles and cold began to disappear. Snare Drum's body was about to collapse, but managed to hold up. The icicle that was pierced through their body was melted away into dripping water.

Kitchen Sink's faucet was mostly broken, but could run pretty well for the most part. Anchor didn't really have much besides icicles hanging from their body. But overall, the conditions from switching from one region to another was a good choice. "Finally! We're free!" Kitchen Sink spat, as she messed with her faucet. Snare Drum rolled his eyes. "Yeah, thank god we didn't stay there any longer. Any longer and you'd problady had killed me." She shot a glare at him. "Is that a tes-" Anchor quickly nudged Kitchen Sink. "NO! No more fighting! If we're going to survive, we shouldn't fight!"

"He has a point.." Snare Drum responded, before Kitchen Sink was about to raise her finger to protest. She hesitated before lowering it down. Maybe it'll be all smooth sailing for now on...

-

Conch Shell rested by a tree as the blue fluff began to awake. He had noticed him laying on the soft grass, clearly knocked out and unconcious. After a few days, Winner stood up from where he was dragged to notice Conch Shell. "GAH- Are you going to hurt me?!" He took a step back in surprise of seeing him, as Conch Shell stood up from the tree. "What? Of course not. Do you think I'm fucking insane or something?" He spat back, with a piercing glare that could intimidate even the strongest. Winner was silent, trying to think of a comeback before speaking up again. "Yes. Yes I do! But we'll make a compromise. If I see you trying any shit, you will be *dead*.." He

simply spoke before deciding to wander off into the forest.

Conch Shell, knowing that the egotistical figure would be killed if left alone, decided to follow from a distance. The forest wasn't the friendliest, but it wasn't the most ruthless either. A small stroll wouldn't hurt. "Do you think this is really a smart plan to run off?" Conch Shell muttered, before Winner turned around. "Did ya say something? If so, shut up." Conch Shell rolled his eyes before moving forward, pushing Winner to the side in agression.

Winner decided to pause and look around, it was a nice forest, and they were in a clearing for possible rest. Conch Shell refused, crossing his arms and looking around. Once in awhile, checking onto Winner to see if they had any bad intentions. Winner seemed to be messing with their Flower, likely to expirement to see what it was. It didn't matter.
He was dead from the beginning. Might as well get rid of him before he does first..

-

He won't leave me. The one behind this.
Help.

-
:)?

14 × Covering more ground

Boom Mic was sitting on the soft fluffy snow. She exhaled a large breath of air, just trying to move. She felt her body freeze up. She spent far too long, and there was no way she would escape in time. She smiled a little, and dragged her body to a nearby cave. Maybe she could just...

Survive for a little longer.

She breathed heavy, pushing her body through the snow as it made a calming noise. Telling her to keep going. You could make it. She was determined, but atlas, it wasn't enough. She felt her body tense up, and suddenly stop. Everything was shutting down as her vision began to blur. All she saw was a fading light. Was this where she would go when she died?
She closed her eyes, and quietly took her last breath.

-

Clapboard and Income had been traveling for awhile, having Clapboard in Income's hands. They were talking about the future, and they'd survive such a horrible situtation they were placed in. A crunch sound could be heard every step under the sand, as they hsd gotten close to where the middle of all 4 regions would be.

"Which region." He simply said, allowing his only ally, or even who he could consider a friend to decide a important choice. Clapboard narrowed her eyes between the forest and plains, before pointing her foot in the forest. "Forest. We could split up and cover more ground. Meet back here.." She said in a cheerful tone. Income was hesitant. *What if the one insane object. The one we were all meant to fear was there? What if she got hurt..* He felt helpless if she got in danger. But dropped her.
Clapboard landed on her feet in the soft grass, and gave Income a huge smile before running off. That told Income to head into a

different direction.

-

Avocado was in the desert.
The place was beating her in the heat, but if she could avoid where all of those damn deaths were happening.. Maybe she won't be suspected.
Her heart ached in the memory of her interaction with Battery. Was she really a monster? She laughed uncomfortably. Dropping the wooden knife and sitting down. Maybe a calming rest won't hurt. She won't get hurt!
Her wooden knife that she was given from the beginning, a good method of defense. She didn't want to hurt anyone. What if someone came in after a fight? They might suspect her..
She needed to find Battery.

And soon.

15 × The Forest

Clapboard was wandering the forest, and wandered the massive place. *Maybe it was a mistake to suggest to split up...* She poured another bucketful of water onto her small flame, it was a good source of light, and she was a little happy it had still existed.

As she continued to look around, she heard footsteps from the faint noise of grass. She felt nervous, and ran to attempt to hide behind a tree. She hoped nobody will find her. Nobody should catch her. Right?

-

Rubber Spatula and Onigiri were chatting it away, cracking jokes and saying what they thought of the other debuters. Girl stuff, mostly.

"Wow, I didn't know that about VHSy. That's kinda neat, actually." Onigiri said, taking off her coat and wrapping it in what could be a pillow for the night. They haven't slept, spending all-nighters just preparing for their departure to where they currently are. "Y-Yeah! They were my only friend.. I wonder of anyone else we know is around here." Onigiri softly chuckled. "Well, it might take a little searching but I'm pretty sure the others are here." She responded, resting her body against the pillow. "H-Hopefully.. I hope VHSy's alright." Rubber Spatula said, messing with her bandana. She never felt so happy in, ever really. It was nice just being in the forest and hanging by the campfire.

Hopefully this would never end..

-

"LET ME GO-" Shampoo spat as they walked into a clearing of the forest. "Do you really want me to do the same to your other arm?" He calmly said back, with a undisturbed face. She growled to his

response, before looking away. "No.."

As they walked, they noticed something behind a tree. PDA squinted, "Hm..?" He let go of Shampoo, pushing her against a nearby tree. "GH-!" PDA took out his broken stylus, and held it up. Whoever was behind this tree was really going to get it. PDA had stabbed the object through the eye and lifted it to show to Shampoo. "Well?"

Shampoo looked at PDA, eyes widened. On the end of his stylus laid Clapboard. Her eyes were lifeless, and she was clearly about to die. She was pissed. "WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT FOR?!" She stood up, the best she could. "Tch, you really don't see this? She was never much of an asset to any of us." He dropped Clapboard, her miserable face looking at PDA. She whimpered, begging him to stop. "P-Please stop..."

Shampoo was trying to get up, trying to find a way to prevent this death. This shouldn't be happening to her. Please. Shampoo tried to reach for her, but all she heard was a crunch sound.
PDA's leg was crushing Clapboard's. Rendering her as unable to escape her fate. This was the end. "Any last words~"

Before Clapboard could speak, Shampoo watched it. PDA stabbed Clapboard with his stylsus, one last time. Right between a hole where one of her eyes originally were, and her remaining eye. He grinned, satisfied with his job and kicked her to the side. "YOU SICK FREAK!" She shouted, she was standing up. She stared at PDA, than the remains of Clapboard. His expression was shown in a forbidding matter.
All PDA decided to do is grab Shampoo's remaining arm and break it. "GOD DAMMIT-" She shut up, she was weak against him. "Let's go." He said, in a unsettling tone.

"O-Okay.."

16 × The Plains

Salt Lamp sat to themselves. *I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy.* They just wanted to convince themselves that killing Shopping Cart was right. It was justice. No! It wasn't fucked up. Definitely not! Nonono, he isn't insane!
He uncomfortably laughed to himself. Not realizing that somebody was watching him in the distance..

-

9-Ball watched. Salt Lamp was worrisome, half of their body was gone. He was sure he couldn't be the murderer. He seemed fine, maybe a little insane, or upset.. Who knows what he went through, he calmly rolled up beside him. "Hey... You alright?" "

Salt Lamp was surprised from the sudden contact, "M-Me?! Yeah! I'm perfectly fine!" He dismissed his question ae nothing, trying to insist that he was fine. Nothing was bothering him, not the damn guilt of Shopping Cart's death. No, that was completely not his fault. "..I don't think so. What happened..?" 9-Ball, the one who hated letters... Offered help.

Salt Lamp was surprised, and quietly looked away. "You'd leave me as soon as you heard.. I know it." He paused at the response, trying to think of the right thing to say. Before he replied with a smile. "I promise I won't." Salt Lamp was trying to form words. His mouth was in a squiggle before it opened to say the words he hoped didn't scare the round billard ball off. "..I *killed* someone."

9-Ball was shocked, rolling back a little. "Y-You.. What..?" Salt Lamp stood up and looked at the yellow ball with fearful eyes. "Wait! Please! I can explain, you promised you wouldn't go!" He was trying to form her words, regretting telling him. "I'm sorry. I can't trust you." He rolled off, leaving Salt Lamp with more guilt.
It was all his fault..

-

Battery was sitting by a nearby pond. Well, besides the leftovers of a dead body. It was there for awhile, just rotting there. He was disgusted at the sight. Who knows how long this body was here.. How long VHSy had been dead.. He was silent.

The lake quietly touched his foot, and made a small rippling effect. It was all Avocado's fault. They were behind all of this. He stood up, lost in thought. Nobody seemed to be nearby, and he sighed in relief. Well, that was until he saw Leek and Tape right behind him. He turned around, and was caught off guard. "GAH-" He took a step back. If he fell in that damn lake.. He'll electrocute. The wiring he had was exposed, and all he hoped was the two right infront of him weren't insane.
Leek and Tape exchanged glances. Leek with a calm and smug face, while Tape's expression was full of terror.

Leek stepped forward, as Tape stayed put. "So, let's get to the point." He narrowed his eyes. His gaze intimidated Battery, making him step back. "..Something is troubling you, and I would love to help. So, what's wrong?" Leek took out his hand, offering Battery assistance. Battery was hesitant, staring at his arm. "I- Nothing's wrong! I promise!" He insisted, this gave Leek a distasteful look. Leek looked at Tape. She was terrified.
She wasn't going to like what was next.

Leek had a grin, taking out his handcrafted knife as he grabbed Battery's arm. "HEY WHAT THE FUCK- LET GO!" He was trying to tug away, and felt his body move away from Leek. He thought he overpowered him, but instead, he looked at Leek. Holding his arm.

His arm was gone. Battery's eyes widened. He took a step back, towards the pond. He was alarmed, and tried to find a way to run away. "Y-You're the one behind this..?" Leek bit his lip, before walking up to the wide figure and had a small smile. "Maybe..." He pushed Battery into the lake, as he watched Battery fall into the waters below and scream in agony. Leek looked back to Tape, and smiled. The screams were turned into silence, and all you could hear was Tape. She was quietly crying, and she just wanted this to end. She looked up to Leek, eyes full of tears.

"Now, let's go. Shall we?"

-
quick comment
i am so sorry for so much death kay bye

17 × Traitor!

(tinsope you caused this)

Winner was happily walking with Conch Shell beside him, mostly quiet. The forest was a nice place, and all the two males heard was sounds of the leaves rustling nearby and even smoke in the distance. Who knows what would've happened if they went to that direction.

Conch Shell crossed his arms, "Hm, just wondering.." He spoke, taking a slow stop as he began to fall behind to Winner's shadow. "Yeah? What's up?" Winner turned over to the ocean seashell, as leaves and vines hung down his body. "Anyways wondered.. What's your problem with Loser?"

Loser.

Winner stopped, turning away... He felt a lurking feeling, just from the mention of that cuboid's name.. The terrible memories with him. This enraged him. "HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!" Conch Shell snapped, impatient over Winner's lack of response. The blue fluff looked down, before looking at the flower. He felt vines sprout out of his body suddenly. What the fuck did two do to his body?
Oh i dunno prob make it into blue dirt or smthn i dont get logic lmao

Conch Shell looked at Winner. "W-What the fuck?! THIS ISN'T FUNNY YOU ASSHOLE!" He was trying appear unafraid of whatever this MONSTER was. "..You shouldn't have said that, yknow?" A smile crept on Winner's face as he turned around and the vines grabbed Conch Shell before he could escaped. It wrapped all around his arms and body, and he was trying to escape. "T-THIS ISN'T FUNNY! LET ME GO!!" Winner laughed at that. "Funny? This isn't a joke.. Honestly, I should've known *YOU* were just waiting for the PERFECT time to kill me. Right? Tell me that's right, because it is."

"What has gotten into you?! I hate you and all, but THAT DOESN'T

MEAN I WOULD KILL YOU LIKE YOU ARE-" A shattering sound was heard, as Conch Shell broke and fell into pieces, broken and crumbled by the corrupt state Winner was in. Winner only had snapped out of it as he heard the scream before Conch Shell's inevitable death. Winner stared at the body, eyes widened. *What have I done..*

I'm just like him.

A monster.

Winner stepped away from the body, having head full of guilt. He needed to get out of here. Out of this world. HE NEEDED TO LEAVE. Winner rushed, turning and running until he noticed a river. It seemed... So welcoming. He went by the edge of it, staring.
Than he realized.
He was nothing more than a monster. Just like Loser.

"WAI-"
He jumped, and before he realized he heard someone. He screamed, being swept away from the waters to his death. He killed two people. His only ally, and himself.

-

Income saw Winner jump, trying to call out for him to stop. He didn't hear him, and looked at the waters as Winner's body was swept away. Who knew where that led, or where the body would end up. He couldn't do anything about it now. He just had to find Clapboard, hoping that she hadn't faced a similar fate as the original debuter.

Poor him.